

The Pile Driver of the DIAMOND

BY BILLY MURPHY.

Sam Crawford hits them harder than anybody in the game. There is no doubt whatever of that. He has played some fifteen years in the Big Leagues and participated in over 1,500 games.

This is his seventeenth season in baseball—his fifteenth season in the Big Show—and out of the seventeen years he has served to date he has established a mark above .300 on no less than twelve occasions. And when the Tigers started their early drive to the front in budding May, Crawford was the main factor in the uplift, with a mark above .420, leading his circuit a dozen leagues in extra-base walks.

Not forgetting to mention that Crawford crashes into a baseball harder than any rival in the game—not barring Frank Baker, Joe Jackson, Hans Wagner, Cactus Cravath, Sherwood Magee, Ty Cobb, or Tris Speaker.

On top of all this we reserve for the last the most eminent boost of all in these latter days of fragile talent—in the last ten years Crawford has stood to the guns in 1,500 battles—an average of 150 games a season—or less than half a week's absence from April to October. Which, after all, is the crowning test of value to a club.

Meredith Davis paid Crawford a pretty compliment the other day when he wrote:

"Crawford never saw a professional game of ball until he played in one himself, evidently believing the best way to enjoy the diamond sport was to mix in the swim himself. And ever since then Sam has been doing quite a considerable amount of mixing, speaking by and large, during the several times a day he takes a swing at the ball."

Of course Sam had foiled around with a couple of semi-pro teams in his native Canada before taking things seriously. This gave him a suspicion that if he could cross the border he might show up some of those Yankee guys who have a habit of making loud noises along about the Fourth day of July by way of gloating over their forefathers' victory in the world series with Sam's mother country. Sam was a true Briton, a loyal son of the tight little isle, though born some distance from the maternal roof of Lunnon town.

If Sam had been like some other ball players we have seen and heard he might never have been able to get down from Canada into the United States without having paid tariff duties. You see, Sam immigrated when the tariff on lumber was a right sizeable item of expense, but the customs inspector failed to discover any dutiable goods of a mahogany nature when he asked Sam to take off his hat a moment. So in came the future fence tickler.

The big league career of Sam has been chiefly confined to his labors for the Detroit club, said labors consisting of collecting a matter of anywhere around 300 and upward as a batting average, year in and year out. Considering the fact that Sam has been staring at such dazzling mound stars as Ed Walsh, Rube Waddell, Jack Coombs, Walter Johnson, Plank, Bender, Joe Wood, Chesbro, Falkenberg, Ford, Quinn and others at various and frequent stages of his waking moments, he needn't be blamed if he does a little pointing with pride once in a while when the averages are published.

Sam's leap from obscurity on a Canadian backwoods team to the front rank of United States artillery regulars has gone down in athletic

achievements as one of the greatest long-distance jumps on record. For the last seven years, however, Sam has been obliged to play a sort of duet with Ty Cobb, but even the Georgian's frequent solo work hasn't dulled the resonant tones of Wahoo Sam's wagon tongue smashing the pill where A. Spalding planted his label.

And now they say Sam Crawford, the old guard, is sinking into the twilight of his baseball life; that he is in the evening of his career. But we rise to remark after scanning this season's record, that it's going to be a tolerably long evening for Sam—in fact, we rather think he's bent on making a night of it.

Strange, but True.

An Eastern scribe says: The Washington team's success depends wholly upon the work of five men, Johnson, Gandil, Foster, Milan and Henry, without whom Griff would be wallowing in the second division mire. For that matter, where would the Giants be without Matty Meyers, Doyle, Demaree and Murray? Also what would become of the Athletics if Baker, Collins, Bender, Plank and Schang were to drop dead?

SAM CRAWFORD of the Detroit Tigers.

AT HIS BEST ON DECORATION DAY

The Decoration Day hitter. That is what the fans around the National League will be calling Gavy Cravath, the big outfielder of the Philadelphia Nationals, if he keeps up the gait he has set the past few years. If every day was Decoration Day, Cravath would be one of the greatest hitters the world ever produced. Last Decoration Day Cravath was credited with driving out five hits, three of the raps being good for two bases, one for the full distance and one for a single.

In the past five years or since Cravath left the Minneapolis club, he has hit like a demon on every Decoration Day with the exception of 1912. Then used as a pinch hitter, Gavy failed to deliver. On Decoration Day in 1910 Cravath had four singles and two homers to his credit at the end of the day. In 1911 he had three singles, two doubles and a triple. On Decoration Day in 1913 he had two singles, a double and a home run, while this year he had one single, three doubles and a homer. The former Miller has been one of the longest hitters in the old league since joining the club.

GERMAN TENNIS TEAM HAS QUIT

German tennis enthusiasts were deeply disappointed over the decision of the German Lawn Tennis Union not to send a team to the United States to take part in the Davis cup competitions. It was thought that the Germans, with Champion Froitzheim on the team, might have stood an excellent chance of winning the trophy against the American, English and Australian cracks, as he is in especially good form this summer.

The Germans' participation in the American competitions seems to have been wrecked by the declaration of the Messrs. Klingschroth brothers and Rabes to go to the United States.

YANKEE ATHLETES TO INVADE ENGLAND

Nearly a dozen American athletes who have received international permits from the Amateur Athletic Union to compete in the British field and track championships at Stamford Bridge ground, London, will sail within a few days.

Homer Baker, James Waddell, Thomas Kelly and Harry J. Smith will sail for Southampton Friday. T. J. Halpin and J. A. Powers of Boston A. A. W. F. Potter of Yale and James C. Patterson of Pennsylvania are other American amateurs who have received permits. Hannes Kolehmainen, Finnish runner, recently called for his home and may not compete in the July 4th events. If he does enter he will

ANOTHER STORY ON RUBE WADDELL

Every story told on George Edward Waddell isn't true. Like the lamented C. Vonder Ahe, Bugs Raymond and others, Rube has been loaded with gems rich and rare. Eddie didn't kick on being thus honored, however. When starring in "The Stain of Guilt," Waddell's press agent dug up the files of long ago and made G. Eddie the hero of many escapades, much to the delight of Piano's boy.

There's one the press agent didn't evolve, however. It's been told on Waddell by gentlemen of veracity. Back in the days when the Corsairs roamed on Smoky Island, George Edward had a habit of loafing around the club office, sticking up officials for comps, a la Lew Rutter, the pass hunter par excellence. One afternoon while the rush through the gates was on, Waddell chanced to be in the office. The phone bell sounded. Next to a fire alarm there is nothing Rube admires more than a phone call. He raced to the receiver, yanked it from its perch with a loud "Hello,

run with the Irish-American athletes.

Did You Ever Notice That

George Burns, the Giants' speedy left fielder, wears two different caps when playing in the outfield. Left field at the Polo Grounds is one of the worst sun fields in any of the major league circuits. For this reason when the sun is shining Burns wears the long-peaked cap with blue sun glasses attached to the visor, modeled in 1910 by "Fred" Clarke, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and when it isn't he wears a cap with a much shorter visor. He wears the latter headgear when he goes to bat.

What's the matter?" Waddell listened to a mortal at the other end of the line and then glanced into a corner of the room. "Wait a minute," yelled George Edward into the transmitter. With a bound he darted to that corner, grabbed up an old umbrella and rushing over to the phone, held it in front of the mouth piece and roared, "Is this yours?"

Wrong Dope.

He—Darling, refuse me, and I shall never love another girl. She (briskly)—What I want is a man who will promise me that if I accept him.—Judge.

DOES ATHLETICS AFFECT THE HEART?

Since the rejection of Hannes Kolehmainen by a Brooklyn fraternal organization because of a weak heart, many have inquired whether or not all athletes are affected with that malady. Secretary James E. Sullivan of the A. A. U. comes to the front with the proofs that a great number of champion cinderpath artists of years ago are still living, thriving, hale and hearty, and almost ready to continue where they left off. Mr. Sullivan wants it understood, however, that he does not disagree with the analysis of competent physicians, but nevertheless he is of the opinion that active participation in athletics does more to keep a man in good health and make useful citizens of the growing boys than almost anything else you can think of.

Rummaging through the A. A. U. and intercollegiate almanacs we find the names of many American titleholders, actively engaged in business, that showed the class some thirty-odd years ago.

Mr. Sullivan was anxious to know why it is that "enlarged or athlete hearts" affect some athletes and pass up a great majority. He admitted that on and off there have been statements made by doctors in relation to the shortening of an athlete's life because of the "terrible" strain on their hearts.

"This matter should be handled with kid gloves," declared Mr. Sullivan. "I do not want to be put in a position of disagreeing with doctors, because they know their

Wahoo Sam Crawford of the Detroit Tigers Crashes Into a Baseball Harder Than Any Other Man in the Game



IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN A NAME NEWEST NAP SHOULD BE A WONDER

Joe Birmingham's newest Cleveland player should be a wonder. He is a cousin of Ty Cobb and his first name is Rucker. The new Nap is Rucker Ginn, captain, left fielder and heavy hitter of the University of Georgia team. Ginn is said to possess a good deal of his cousin's speed. Like Cobb, he bats left-handed. It's a wild guess he was named for Nap Rucker, Brooklyn's star left-hander, who, like Cobb and Ginn, is a product of Georgia. Ginn has been signed to report to the Naps within two weeks.

business best. Yet, I am frank to say that in some cases the physicians are all wrong. Going back thirty years ago, we find a list of many names of real athletes who have refused to bow to Father Time. Nearly every day I run into one or two of them, and if a handshake and a smile on the face are any criterion of good health, then they certainly are blessed with it."

For one we will present Everett Janson Wendell, who cut some capers at Harvard twenty-five odd years ago. He belongs to a family of athletes. To me Mr. Wendell's timing and officiating at intercollegiate championships is a treat in itself. He is a member of several important A. A. U. committees and rushes to Europe now and then in the capacity of one of Uncle Sam's delegates to international meetings for Olympic games. He is only one of a great army of perfect manhood that athletics brought out. When he was a student at Cambridge Mr. Wendell performed in startling form and competed as often as he could.

Harry Buermeyer is the oldest living champion. In the sixties Mr. Buermeyer held the upper hand, just like Kolehmainen, John Paul Jones, Howard Drew and some others blaze before the public right now. He is about 70 years old, but you wouldn't think so to see him roaming around the New York A. C. taking in the boxing bouts and telling stories of the days when he was kingpin.

And the walkers: Pete Hogelman, J. Ennis Weston, O'Leary, Billy Purdy, Harry Armstrong, Dan Lehane and E. C. Holske. Thirty

years ago these peds used to walk on six-day schedule. And they are with us today good and healthy. And there are many others still kicking.

The Garden Variety.

A slim chicken, who was so thin that she nicked the counter where she leaned against it, trickled up to the hosiery department of a Sixteenth street store and said: "Gawn you give me a pair of hose that won't bag at the knees?" "Mame shifted her chicle against her back molars, oozed a wise slant over the customer and replied listlessly: "Not unless yuh take garden hose!"—Judge.

Back to Life.

Our old friend, Paddy Dorrell of Milwaukee has broken loose again, or, in other words, Paddy has unlearned the old green "Come Back" campaign. Paddy work here of late due to his not having any champions on the string, but then he was out for an airing last night, and when he passed us he informed us that he had it on us when it came to running. Well, when we last seen Paddy he had finished running and was taking things easy walking up a hill. After Paddy had passed, some of the folks on Cedar street asked us if that fellow forgotten the green sweater. It has been so long since the King has been on the road.